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METHUEN'S ENGLISH CLASSICS

ELIZABETHAN LYRICS

SELECTED FROM THE MISCELLANIES

With Introduction and Notes by

DOROTHEA MAVOR

B.A. Oxon

FOURTH EDITION



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CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION - - - - -	I
SELECTIONS—	
TOTTEL'S MISCELLANY, 1557 - - -	9
THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES, 1576 -	27
THE GORGEOUS GALLERY OF GALLANT INVENTIONS, 1578 - - -	39
A HANDFUL OF PLEASANT DELIGHTS, 1584 -	49
THE PHŒNIX NEST, 1593 - - -	57
ENGLAND'S HELICON, 1600 - - -	71
DAVISON'S POETICAL RHAPSODY, 1602 -	99
BIBLIOGRAPHY - - - - -	112
NOTES AND GLOSSARY - - - - -	113
INDEX OF FIRST LINES - - - - -	119
INDEX OF KNOWN AUTHORS - - - - -	122

INTRODUCTION

“ Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learn to sing.”

THIS exclamation of the musician Byrd is characteristic of the high-spirited enthusiasm of the age of Elizabeth for the art of self-expression. Although this instinct for self-expression and delight in singing are of course as old as mankind, the perfecting of the lyric as an artistic form in English literature was an Elizabethan achievement. From the earliest times songs have been improvised to the rhythm of work, games, and dances ; but, because these early folk-songs were not written down and changed continually during their oral descent, it is not possible to trace their history or to measure with accuracy their influence on the forms of song which have been preserved in writing and developed by succeeding generations.

There are also difficulties in tracing the descent of the lyric. The records which remain of Anglo-Saxon poetry show lyrical quality in laments, charms, and riddles ; but the prevailing characteristics of this poetry are elegiac, dramatic, and impersonal. After the Norman Conquest the influx of new impulses, ideas, and metres breaks this line of literary descent. But the parentage of the Elizabethan lyric can be seen in the earliest songs written down in the Middle Ages. In the manuscripts of the second half of the twelfth century the lyric appears as the established mode of expression of the minstrels and the courtly singers of France. Minstrels entertained their audiences with songs sung to the viol or harp, and they began to preserve their popular productions from failure of memory and other risks of an oral descent by writing them down. In France the Trouvères of the North and the Troubadours of the South became famous and widely

popular as the composers of songs to be sung with lute accompaniment for the entertainment of the Court or the houses of the great, and they, too, attempted, through writing, to give permanence to their work.

In England the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries produced a number of lyrics written in the vernacular which had been submerged since the Norman Conquest. These lyrics are closely akin to the lyrics of the courtly singers of France, although they sometimes reflect the more melancholy mood of Anglo-Saxon poetry and also show signs of the probable influence of the themes and manner of English folk-songs.

Those lyrics of the courtly singers of France and their many followers, with their qualities of vigour and grace, brightness and charm, had a far-reaching influence on literature even after the Renaissance. To write and to sing with self-conscious elegance of love and ladies' charms in the fervour and woe of romantic sentiment became one of the essential accomplishments of the courtly gentleman.

During the fifteenth century the minstrels gradually disappeared, while schools of musicians began to arise. The popularity of madrigal writing and the composing of songs for singing to the lute subjected the literary lyric to processes of refining and polishing. Musicians and singers demanded of their words rhythm, musical quality, and an effective brevity. Moreover, under the Tudors it became the custom to make manuscript collections of songs for the use and convenience of the polite and courtly singer. Five of these manuscript collections have been preserved, dating between 1512 and 1530. They contain mostly light love songs with no claim to poetic merit, being simply intended as material for music.

In the age of Elizabeth, through the enthusiasm and enterprise of publishers, there grew up two popular ways of publishing lyrics ; the earlier " Miscellanies," or purely literary anthologies of verse, and the later " Song-Books," which published the tune in full and were intended mainly for singers.

The songs in the earlier literary Miscellanies were not usually written for musical setting, although popular lyrics from these collections were often set for singing

by musicians later; while the words of favourite songs from the Song-Books were sometimes included in the later literary Miscellanies.

The reign of the literary Miscellany was not a long one, but it was ended, not by an indifferent public, but by progressive publishers, whose rapid production of the works of individual authors naturally threw the earlier method of publishing out of fashion. There were seven Miscellanies of verse published between 1557 and 1602, whose different characteristics reflect the changing tastes of the time.

Tottel, the first publisher of a literary Miscellany, explains that it is his object to bring the work of unknown or bashful poets before the public. This Miscellany, which appeared in 1557, is of great importance, since it introduces the sonnet form to England under the pervading influence of Petrarch, and it marks the beginning of a flourishing period for the lyric. The chief contributors to *Tottel's Miscellany* are the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt, and they both bring great gifts to the development of lyric poetry. The Earl of Surrey, a courtly nobleman, brings a mastery of polished style to the refining of poetic diction. Sir Thomas Wyatt, a man of many moods, combining vigour with sweetness, gives the wealth of a rich personality to the expression of the moods of the lover, developing the various possibilities of the lyric with musical quality and metrical skill. The company of lyrists who join these two great men in Tottel's Miscellany sing ardently of love. Adopting Petrarch as their master, these lovers follow him eagerly and faithfully both in sentiment and in phrase. They burn, they freeze, they languish by moonlight, they moan and weep, complaining ceaselessly of their lady's cruelty, yet content for the most part "to serve and suffer patiently." Occasionally, however, the audacious lover asserts his individuality by a revolt from this régime of woe. Wyatt, for instance, optimistically attempts to reason with the obdurate lady (VII), while in his farewell to his lute he even strikes a sinister note and presents a grim picture of the lady's old age (IX). To the fervent protestations of the lovers and the unwearied celebration of their ladies' charms the ungallant epitaph by an "author uncertain"

forms a startling contrast (XXII). Though the prevailing theme of this Miscellany is love, there are also verses of moral observations and good advice. Grimald, for instance, tries to describe virtue by question and answer (XVII). Surrey in a translation from Martial (IV) airs a theme, which became very popular, in praise of mean estate as the only really happy existence; while Wyatt condemns the golden captivity of a courtier's life (XV). This Miscellany also contains a few personal addresses, represented in this selection by Wyatt's lines of effective simplicity to his friend Bryan from prison (XIV), and Grimald's remarks to his familiar friend (XVIII), besides the more gracious but anonymous giver of Rosemary (XX).

The Paradise of Dainty Devices, which was published by Disle in 1576 and reissued in 1578, is in many ways a contrast to Tottel's Miscellany both in subject and in technique. It is advertised as containing "pithy precepts, learned counsels, and excellent inventions"; but paucity of ideas and faulty verse are often evident, where the poets try to make up in ingenuity what they lack in inspiration. There are a few conventional love-lyrics such as those contributed by M. Edwards (XXIX), while the Earl of Oxford sings of his trickling tears, at the same time displaying a vindictive spirit towards his lady (XXX). But in this Miscellany the doleful lover yields the first place to the dismal preacher. There are a great number of verses expressing sonorous moral precepts on the inconstancy of fortune, the vanity of pleasure, and the excellence of prudence and silence.

The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions, 1578, shows how the growing popularity of Song-Books influenced the literary Miscellanies. The verses of this collection are mostly written for musical setting, for a tune is often mentioned to which the lyrics are intended to be sung. The Petrarchan lover is here in his rapture and his misery, but he has now fallen under the influence of Euphuism and also follows the lure of alliteration. Lovers and their ladies have revived the very old literary custom of exchanging long letters in verse. The one selected here (XXXIV) is representative of the sentiment and style of these letters, but not of their length, which often runs to a hundred and

thirty lines. Moral advice is also not lacking. There is a sprinkling of aphorisms and epigrammatic precepts, beside which the simplicity of the Willow Song (XXXVIII), though inclined to be monotonous, is a refreshing contrast.

A Handful of Pleasant Delights, published in 1584, is nearer in character to the Song-Books than to the other Miscellanies of verse. Although only the name of a suitable tune is given and no music, the publisher intended to solace the minds of those "that in music do delight," rather than to publish poetry. Yet, since he does not actually print the music, his work is neither a Song-Book nor, from the character and merit of the verse, a literary Miscellany.

The Phoenix Nest, 1593, presents a cheerful contrast. It is quite truthfully introduced by the publisher as "full of variety, excellent invention and singular delight." There are charming lyrics by Lodge and more reflective poems by Raleigh; but most of the work is not signed even with initials, and the majority of the contributors are inadequately described as "sundry gentlemen." The Miscellany is, however, full of individuality, rich in charm and grace, and shows a high standard of technique.

England's Helicon, 1600, marks the beginning of a change in the nature and object of the Miscellany, for this Miscellany is an anthology of lyrics, many of which were already well-known and popular, while several poems are reprinted from earlier Miscellanies. There are, for instance, two lyrics which had already appeared in Tottel's Miscellany and two others from the Phoenix Nest. There are also lyrics from plays which had been produced, such as the verse from Shakespeare's "Love's Labour's Lost" (LXI) and the song of Colin (LXVII) from Peele's "Arraignement of Paris." There are also a few songs included from such famous Song-Books as Byrd's "Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs" and Morley's Madrigals.

England's Helicon boasts an illustrious company of great names and holds perhaps a larger store of good things than any other Elizabethan Miscellany of verse. A great number of the singers have fallen under the now fashionable fascination of Pastoral poetry. The Lovers are consequently dressed as shepherds and have re-christened themselves Corydon, Damon, or Thyris, duly address-

ing their ladies as Phyllida, Phœbe, or Cloris. Many assume this pose gracefully, and even their artificiality is charming; but some, self-conscious in their pastoral surroundings, fail to handle their shepherd's pipe with ease. This contrast is striking in the whimsical freshness of Sidney's *Dorus* (LV) beside the stiffness of Breton's *Corydon* (LIX). However, throughout the *Miscellany* the idyllic background does not destroy individuality. There are songs of widely varied charm, from the warmth of Marlowe to the light gaiety of Drayton, from the maturity of Spenser to a display of ingenuity by Greene and Peele. Among the many love-songs there are again verses in praise of mean estate, but especially of course the life of the shepherd (LXVIII), which is pictured as repose on a hill-side, on a sunny day, where the normal cares of life are unable to approach. There is also the personal address, now elaborated into polite but conventional compliment to Queen Elizabeth. The debate between two lovers, which had for a long time been a popular form, is interesting here in its close kinship to folk-song both in subject and in the fresh intimacy of manner (LXIII).

Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, which appeared in 1602, shows the change in the object of the *Miscellany* so far advanced that it has now become an anthology of lyrics all of which had already appeared and gained some measure of popularity. The standard of the collection is consequently high, and many great names are represented. Here are still the favourite themes. Lovers sigh and moan, prisoners still to their ladies' cruelty and to the imagery of Petrarch. Campion makes his appearance here as a lyrist with a mastery over rhythm and the musical effectiveness of words. The love of humble estate is still expressed. Court life is denounced by Sidney (LXXIX), and the Beggar's life extolled by an anonymous enthusiast (LXXXVIII). Words for madrigals are also represented, showing brief ingenuity and often considerable charm in thought and style (LXXXI and LXXXII).

Davison's Poetical Rhapsody is the last of the real *Miscellanies*. England's *Parnassus*, which appeared in 1600, has been well described by Bullen as a mere "dictionary of poetical quotations." It contains about three thousand

selections from the work of poets from the reign of Henry VIII to the age of Elizabeth ; but they are carelessly copied, inaccurately printed, and often assigned to the wrong authors, showing the literary Miscellany in a deplorable state of decline. By this time the Miscellany, as a form of publishing the work of unknown authors, had outlived its usefulness, since the publication of verse had become extensive and the publishing business prosperous.

In the following selections I have aimed at representing the best of each Miscellany. I have kept the original titles, varying fashions of signature, and omissions of signature ; but I have occasionally modernised the spelling and modified the punctuation of the original editions in the interest of intelligibility.

TOTTEL'S MISCELLANY

1557

THE PRINTER TO THE READER :

“ It resteth now (gentle reader) that thou think it not evil done to publish to the honour of our English tongue, and for profit of the studious English eloquence, those works which the ungentle hoarders up of such treasure have heretofor envied thee.”

TOTTEL'S MISCELLANY

I

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING, WHEREIN EVERY- THING RENEWS, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER

THE sweet season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale :
The nightingale with feathers new she sings :
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale :
Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
The hart has hung his old head on the pale :
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings :
The fishes float with new repaired scale :
The adder all her slough away she flings :
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale ;
The busy bee her honey now she minges :
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale :
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

EARL OF SURREY

II

A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE LOVER NOT BELOVED

ALAS, so all things now do hold their peace,
Heaven and earth disturbed in nothing,
The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease,
The nightes chare the stars about doth bring ;

Calm is the sea, the waves work less and less.

So am not I, whom love alas doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great increase

Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,
In joy and woe, as in a doubtful case :

For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring ;
But by and by the cause of my disease

Gives me a pang, that inwardly doth sting,
When that I think what grief it is again,
To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

EARL OF SURREY

III

A PRAISE OF HIS LOVE ; WHEREIN HE RE-
PROVETH THEM THAT COMPARE THEIR
LADIES WITH HIS

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before

That spent your boasts and brags in vain :
My lady's beauty passeth more

The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candel light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just

As had Penelope the fair ;
For what she saith, ye may it trust

As it by writing sealed were :
And virtues hath she many moe
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,

The whole effect of nature's plaint
When she had lost the perfect mould,

The like to whom she could not paint :
With wringing hands how she did cry,
And what she said I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her heart :
And this was chiefly all her pain ;
She could not make the like again.

Sith nature thus gave her the praise
To be the chiefest work she wrought,
In faith, methinks, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candel with the sun.

EARL OF SURREY

IV

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life be these I find :
The riches left, not got with pain,
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind :

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife,
No change of rule, nor governance ;
Without disease, the healthy life,
The household of continuance.

The mean diet, no delicate fare,
True wisdom joined with simpleness,
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress ;

The faithful wife without debate,
Such sleeps as may beguile the night ;
Contented with their own estate,
Nor wish for death, nor fear his might.

EARL OF SURREY

V

THE LOVER UNHAPPY BIDDETH HAPPY
LOVERS REJOICE IN MAY, WHILE HE
WAILETH THAT MONTH TO HIM MOST
UNLUCKY

YE that in love find luck and sweet abundance,
And live in lust of joyful jollity,
Arise for shame, do away your sluggardy,
Arise, I say, do May some observance.
Let me in bed lie, dreaming in mischance,
Let me remember my mishaps unhappy
That me betide in May most commonly,
As one whom love list little to advance.
Stephen said true that my nativity
Mischanced was with the ruler of May.
He guessed, I prove, of that the verity.
In May my wealth and eke my wits, I say,
Have stand so oft in such perplexity ;
Joy, let me dream of your felicity.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

VI

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS STATE TO A SHIP
IN PERILOUS STORM TOSSED ON THE SEA

My galley, charged with forgetfulness,
Through sharp seas in winter nights doth pass
'Tween rock and rock, and eke my foe, alas,
That is my lord, steareth with cruelty,

And every hour a thought in readiness,
As though that death were light in such a case.
An endless wind doth tear the sail apace
Of forced sighs, and trusty fearfulness :
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain
Have done the wearied cords great hinderance,
Wreathed with error and with ignorance.
The stars be hid that lead me to this pain ;
Drowned is reason that should be my comfort,
And I remain despairing of the port.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

VII

TO A LADY TO ANSWER DIRECTLY WITH YEA OR NAY

MADAME, withouten many words,
Once I am sure you will or no ;
And if you will, then leave your boards,
And use your wit, and shew it so.

For with a beck you shall me call,
And if of one that burns alway
You have pity or ruth at all,
Answer him fair with yea or nay.

If it be yea, I shall be fain ;
If it be nay, friends as before ;
You shall another man obtain,
And I mine own, and yours no more.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

VIII

A RENOUNCING OF HARDLY ESCAPED LOVE

FAREWELL the heart of cruelty,
Though that with pain my liberty
Dear have I bought, and woefully
Finished my fearful tragedy.

Of force I must forsake such pleasure,
A good cause just, since I endure
Thereby my woe, which be ye sure
Shall therewith go me to recure.

I fare as one escaped that fleeth,
Glad he is gone, and yet still feareth
Spied to be caught, and so dreadeth
That he for nought his pain leseth.

In joyful pain rejoice my heart,
Thus to sustain of each a part ;
Let not this song from thee astart,
Welcome among my pleasant smart.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

IX

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE UNKINDNESS
OF HIS LOVE

My lute, awake, perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun ;
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute be still for I have done.

As to be heard when ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon ;
Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan ?
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection ;
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got,
Of simple hearts through Love's shot,
By whom unkind thou hast them won,
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That makest but game of earnest pain,
Think not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lovers plain,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie withered and old,
In winter nights that are so cold,
Plaining in vain to the moon.
Thy wishes then dare not be told,
Care then who list for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon ;
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begun ;
Now is this song both sung and past,
My lute be still for I have done.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

X

HOW BY A KISS HE FOUND BOTH HIS LIFE AND DEATH

NATURE, that gave the bee so feat a grace
To find honey of so wondrous fashion,
Hath taught the spider out of the same place
To fetch poison by strange alteration.
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case,
With one kiss, by secret operation,
Both these at once in those your lips to find,
In change whereof I leave my heart behind.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

XI

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE WOULD LOVE

A FACE that should content me wonderous well
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold ;
Of lively look, all grief far to repell.
With right good grace, so would I that it should
Speak without word, such words as none can tell.
Her tress also should be of crisped gold,

With wit and these perchance I might be tried,
And knit again with knot that should not slide.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

XII

THE LOVER'S LIFE COMPARED TO THE ALPS

LIKE unto these unmeasurable mountains,
So is my painful life, the burden of ire :
For high be they, and high is my desire :
And I of tears, and they be full of fountains
Under craggy rocks they have barren plains,
Hard thoughts in me my woeful mind doth tire.
Small fruit and many leaves their tops do attire ;
With small effect great trust in me remains.
The boistrous winds oft their high boughs do blast ;
Hot sighs in me continually be shed.
Wild beasts in them, fierce love in me is fed.
Unmoveable am I : and they steadfast.
Of singing birds they have the tune and note ;
And I always plaints passing through my throat.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

XIII

THE LOVER DETERMINETH TO SERVE FAITHFULLY

SINCE Love will needs that I shall love,
Of very force I must agree ;
And since no chance may it remove,
In wealth and in adversity,
I shall alway myself apply
To serve and suffer patiently.

Though for good will, I find but hate,
And cruelty my life to waste,
And though that still a wretched state
Should pine my days until the last,
Yet I profess it willingly
To serve and suffer patiently.

For since my heart is bound to serve,
And I not ruler of mine own,
What so befall till that I sterve,
By proof full well it shall be known,
That I shall still myself apply
To serve and suffer patiently.

Yea, though my grief find no redress,
But still increase before mine eyes,
Though my reward be cruelness,
With all the harm hap can devise,
Yet I profess it willingly
To serve and suffer patiently.

Yea, though Fortune her pleasant face
Should show to set me up aloft,
And straight my wealth for to deface
Should writhe away, as she doth oft ;
Yet would I still myself apply
To serve and suffer patiently.

There is no grief, no smart, no woe,
That yet I feel, or often shall,
That from this mind may make me go,
And whatsoever me befall,
I do profess it willingly
To serve and suffer patiently.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

XIV

WYATT BEING IN PRISON TO BRIAN

SIGHS are my food, my drink is my tears ;
Clinking of fetters would such music crave,
Stink and close air away my life it wears,
Poor innocence is all the hope I have.
Rain, wind or weather judge I by mine ears,
Malice assaults that righteousness should have ;
Sure am I, Brian, this wound shall heal again,
And yet, alas, the scar shall still remain.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

XV

THE COURTIER'S LIFE

IN court to serve decked with fresh array,
Of sugared meats feeling the sweet repast ;
The life in banquets, and sundry kinds of play,
Amid the press of lordly looks to waste,
Hath with it joined oft times such bitter taste
That who so joys such kind of life to hold,
In prison joys, fettered with chains of gold.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

XVI

A TRUE LOVE

WHAT sweet relief the showers to thirsty plants we see,
What dear delight the blooms to bees, my true-love is to
me,

As fresh and lusty Ver foul winter doth exceed :
 As morning bright with scarlet sky doth pass the even-
 ing's weed :
 As mellow pears above the crabs esteemed be :
 So doth my love surmount them all, whom yet I hap
 to see.
 The oak shall olives bear, the lamb the lion slay
 The owl shall match the nightingale in tuning of her lay :
 Or I my love let slip out of my entire heart,
 So deep reposed in my breast is she for her desert.
 For many blessed gifts, O happy, happy land :
 Where Mars and Pallas strive to make their glory most
 to stand,
 Yet land, more is thy bliss that in this cruel age,
 A Venus imp thou hast brought forth, so steadfast and
 so sage.
 Among the Muses nine a tenth if Jove would make,
 And to the Graces three a fourth, her would Apollo take.
 Let some for honour hunt, and hoard the massive gold :
 With her may I so live and die, my weal cannot be told.

N. GRIMALD

XVII

DESCRIPTION OF VIRTUE

WHAT one art thou, thus in torn weed y' clad ?
 Virtue, in price whom aged sages had.
 Why poorly 'rayed ? For fading goods past care.
 Why double-faced ? I mark each fortune's fare.
 This bridle what ? Mind's rages to restrain.
 Tools why bear you ? I love to take great pain.
 Why wings ? I teach above the stars to fly.
 Why tread you death ? I only cannot die.

N. GRIMALD

XVIII

TO HIS FAMILIAR FRIEND

No image carved with cunning hand, no cloth of purple
dye,
No precious weight of metal bright, no silver plate
give I,
Such gear allures not heavenly hearts, such gifts no
grace they bring.
I who know your mind will send none such. What
then? Nothing.

N. GRIMALD

XIX

THE LOVER FOR WANT OF HIS DESIRE,
SHOWETH HIS DEATH AT HAND

As cypress tree that rent is by the root,
As branch or slip bereft from whence it grows,
As well sown seed for drought that cannot sprout,
As gaping ground that rainless cannot close,
As moles that want the earth to do them bote,
As fish on land to whom no water flows,
As Chameleon that lacks the air so sote,
As flowers do fade when Phœbus rarest shows,
As salamander repulsed from the fire :
So wanting my wish I die for my desire.

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN

XX

OF A ROSEMARY BRANCH SENT

SUCH green to me as you have sent,
Such green to you I send again ;
A flowering heart that will not faint
For dread of hope or loss of gain ;
A steadfast thought all wholly bent
So that he may your grace obtain ;
As you by proof have always seen,
To live your own and always green.

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN

XXI

THE PROMISE OF A CONSTANT LOVER

As laurel leaves that cease not to be green,
From parching sun, nor yet from winter's threat,
As hardened oak that feareth no sword so keen,
As flint for tool in twain that will not fret :
As fast as rock or pillar surely set,
So fast am I to you, and aye have been,
Assuredly whom I can not forget,
For joy, for pain, for torment nor for teen ;
For loss, for gain, for frowning, nor for threat ;
But ever one, yea, both in calm or blast,
Your faithful friend, and will be to the last.

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN

XXII

AN EPITAPH WRITTEN BY G. TO BE SET UPON
HIS OWN GRAVE

Lo, here lieth G. under the ground,
Among the greedy worms,
Which in his life-time never found
But strife and sturdy storms.

And namely through a wicked wife,
As to the world appears,
She was the shortening of his life
By many days and years.

He might have lived long God wot,
His years they were but young ;
Of wicked wives this is the lot,
To kill with spiteful tongue :

Whose memory shall still remain
In writing here with me :
That men may know who she hath slain,
And say this same is she.

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN

THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES

1576

“ Containing sundry pithy precepts, learned counsels,
and excellent inventions, right pleasant and profitable
for all estates.”

THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES

XXIII

OF THE UNCONSTANT STAY OF FORTUNE'S GIFTS

IF Fortune be thy stay, thy state is very tickle,
She bears a double face, disguised, false and fickle ;
This day she seems to smile, to-morrow will she frown,
What now she sets aloft, anon she throweth down ;
Fly Fortune's sly deceits, let Virtue be thy guide,
If that thou do intend in happy state to abide.

Upon the settled rock thy building surest stands,
Away it quickly wears that resteth on the sands ;
Dame Virtue is the rock, that yields assured stay,
Dame Fortune is the sand, that scoureth soon away.
Choose that is certain, let things uncertain pass,
Prefer the precious gold before the brittle glass.

Sly Fortune hath her flights, she plays upon the pack,
Look whom she favours most, at length she turns to
wreck :

But Virtue simply deals, she shuns deceitful train,
Who is by Virtue raised up shall never fall again.
Stick fast to Virtue then, that gives assured trust,
And fly from Fortune's freaks, that ever prove unjust.

FINIS

F. K.

XXIV

HYMN FOR WHIT SUNDAY

COME, Holy Ghost, Eternal God, and ease the woeful grief
And through the heaps of heavy sin can nowhere find
relief.

Do thou, O God, redress
The great distress
Of sinful heaviness.

Come comfort the afflicted thoughts of my consumed
heart
And rid the piercing pricking pains of my tormenting
smart ;

O Holy Ghost, grant me
That I by Thee
From sin may purged be.

Thou art my God, to Thee alone I will commend my
cause,
Nor glittering gold not precious stone shall make me
leave Thy laws.

O teach me then the way
Whereby I may
Make Thee my only stay.

My lips, my tongue, my heart and all shall spread Thy
mighty Name,
My voice shall never cease to sound the praises of the
same :

Yea every living thing
Shall sweetly sing
To Thee, O Heavenly King.

FINIS

F. K.

XXV

NO PLEASURE WITHOUT SOME PAIN

SWEET were the joys that both might like and last,
Strange were the state exempt from all distress,
Happy the life that no mishap should tost,
Blessed the chance might never change success ;

Were such a life to lead, or state to prove,
Who would not wish that such a life were love.

But oh ! the soury sauce of sweet unsure,
When pleasures fly and flit with waft of wind,
The trustless trains that hoping hearts allure,
When sweet delights do but allure the mind,
When care consumes and wastes the wretched wight
While fancy feeds and draws of her delight.

What life were love, if love were free from pain ?
But oh ! that pain with pleasure match should meet ;
Why did the course of nature so ordain,
That sugared sour must sauce the bitter sweet,
Which sour from sweet might any means remove,
What hap, what heaven, what life, were like to love.

FINIS

W. R.

XXVI

NO PLEASURE WITHOUT SOME PAIN

How can the tree but waste and wither away
That hath not sometime comfort of the sun ?
How can that flower but fade and soon decay,
That always is with dark clouds run ?
Is this a life ? Nay, death you may it call,
That feels each pain, and knows no joy at all.

What foodless beast can live long in good plight ?
Or is it life, where senses there be none ?
Or what availeth eyes without their light ?
Or else a tongue to him that is alone ?
Is this a life ? Nay, death you may it call,
That feels each pain, and knows no joy at all.

Whereto serve ears if that there be no sound ?
 Or such a head where no device doth grow ?
 But of all plaints since sorrow is the ground,
 Whereby the heart doth pine in deadly woe ?
 Is this a life ? Nay, death you may it call,
 That feels each pain, and knows no joy at all.

FINIS

L. VAUX

XXVII

OUR PLEASURES ARE VANITIES

Behold the blast which blows the blossoms from the tree,
The end whereof consumes and comes to nought we see :
Ere thou therefore be blown from life that may not last,
Begin for grace to call for time mispent and past.

Have mind on brittle life, whose pleasures are but vain,
On death likewise bethink how thou mayest not remain,
And fear thy Lord to grieve, which fought thy soul to
 save,
To sin no more be bent, but mercy ask and have.

For death, who does not spare the things on earth to kill,
Shall reap also from thee thy pleasure, life, and will.
That life, which yet remains and in thy breast appears,
Hath sown in thee such seeds you ought to weed with
 tears.

And life that shall succeed, when death is worn and past,
Shall spring for ever then in joy or pain to last :
Where death on life hath power, ye see that life also
Hath mown the fruits of death, which never more shall
 grow.

FINIS

W. HUNIS

XXVIII

HOPE WELL AND HAVE WELL

IN hope the Shipman hoisteth sail, in hope of passage
good ;

In hope of health the sickly man doth suffer loss of
blood ;

In hope the prisoner linked in chains hopes liberty to find ;
Thus hope breeds health, and health breeds ease to every
troubled mind.

In hope desire gets victory, in hope great comfort
springs ;

In hope the lover lives in joys, he fears no dreadful
stings ;

In hope we live, and may abide such storms as are
assigned ;

Thus hope breeds health, and health breeds ease to every
troubled mind.

In hope we easily suffer harm, in hope of future time,
In hope of fruit the pain seems sweet that to the tree
doth climb ;

In hope of love such glory grows, as now by proof I find
That hope breeds health, and health breeds ease to every
troubled mind.

FINIS

W. H.

XXIX

HE REQUESTETH SOME FRIENDLY COMFORT
AFFIRMING HIS CONSTANCY

THE mountains high, whose lofty tops do meet the
haughty sky ;

The craggy rock, that to the sea free passage doth deny ;

The aged oak, that doth resist the force of blustering
blast ;
The pleasant herb that everywhere a fragrant smell
doth cast ;
The lion's force whose courage stout declares a prince-
like might ;
The eagle, that for worthiness is born of kings in fight ;
The serpent eke whose poisoned ways doth belch out
venom vile ;
The loathsome toad that shunneth light, and liveth in
exile ;
These, these I say, and thousands more by track of time
decay,
And like to time do quite consume and fade from form
to clay.
But my true heart and service vowed, shall last time out
of mind,
And still remains as thine by dome, as Cupid hath
assigned.
My faith, lo, here I vow to thee, my troth thou knowest
right well ;
My goods, my friends, my life is thine, what need I more
to tell ?
I am not mine, but thine I vow, thy hests I will obey,
And serve thee as a servant ought, in pleasing if I may.
And sith I have no flying wings to see thee as I wish,
Nor fins to cut the silver streams, as doth the gliding
fish,
Wherefore leave now forgetfulness, and send again to me,
And strain thy azured veins to write, then I may greeting
see.
And thus farewell, more dear to me than chiefest friend
I have,
Whose love in heart I mind to shrine, till death his fee
doth crave.

FINIS

M. EDWARDES

XXX

A LOVER REJECTED, COMPLAINETH

THE trickling tears, that fall along my cheeks,
 The secret sighs, that show my inward grief,
 The present pains perforce that Love aye seeks,
 Bids me renew my cares without relief :
 In woeful song in dole display,
 My pensive heart for to bewray.

Bewray thy grief, thy woeful heart with speed,
 Resign thy voice to her that caused thy woe,
 With irksome cries bewail thy late done deed,
 For she thou lovest is sure thy mortal foe ;
 And help for thee there is none sure,
 But still in pain thou must endure.

The stricken deer hath help to heal his wound,
 The haggard hawk with toil is made full tame.
 The strongest tower the canon lays on ground :
 The wisest wit that ever had the fame
 Was thrall to love by Cupid's sleights,
 Then weigh my case with equal weights.

She is my joy, she is my care and woe,
 She is my pain, she is my ease therefro',
 She is my death, she is my life also ;
 She is my salve, she is my wounded sore,
 In fine, she hath the hand and knife
 That may both save and end my life.

And shall I live on earth to be her thrall ?
 And shall I sue, and serve her all in vain ?
 And kiss the steps that she lets fall,
 And shall I pray the Gods to keep the pain
 From her, that is so cruel still ?
 No, no, on her work all your will.

And let her feel the power of all your might,
 And let her have her most desire with speed,
 And let her pine away, both day and night,
 And let her moan, and none lament her need,
 And let all those that shall her see
 Despise her state and pity me.

FINIS

E. O.

XXXI

LOOK ERE YOU LEAP

If thou in surety safe wilt sit,
 If thou delight at rest to dwell,
 Spend no more words than shall seem fit,
 Let tongue in silence talk expel,
 In all things that thou seest men bent,
 See all, say nought, hold thee content.

In worldly deeds degrees are three,
 Makers, doers, and lookers-on,
 The lookers-on have liberty,
 Both the others to judge upon,
 Wherefore in all as men are bent,
 See all, say nought, hold thee content.

The makers oft are in fault found,
 The doers doubt of praise or shame,
 The lookers-on find surest ground,
 They have the fruit yet free from blame ;
 This doth persuade in all here meant,
 See all, say nought, hold thee content.

The proverb is not South or West,
Which hath been said long time ago,
Of little meddling cometh rest,
The busy man ne'er wanted woe,
The best way is in all world's sent,
See all, say nought, hold thee content.

FINIS

JASPER HEYWOOD

THE GORGEOUS GALLERY OF GALLANT INVENTIONS

1578

“Garnished and decked with divers dainty devices,
right delicate and delightful, to recreate each modest
mind with all.”

THE GORGEOUS GALLERY OF GALLANT INVENTIONS

XXXII

A PROPER DITTY

(To the tune of "Lusty Gallant")

THE glittering shows of Flora's dames
Delights not so my careful mind,
Nor gathering of the fragrant flames,
That oft in Flora's nymphs I find.
Nor all the notes of birds so shrill,
Melodiously in woods that sing,
Whose solemn choir the sky doth fill,
With note on note that heavenly ring.

The striking fish in streams that spring,
And sport them on the river's side,
The hound, the hawk, and everything
Wherein my joys did once abide,
Doth nothing else but breed my woe,
Sith that I want which I desire,
And death is eke become my foe,
Denying that I most require.

But if that Fortune's friendly grace
Would grant mine eyes to take the view,
Of her whose port and amorous face
My senses all doth so subdue.

That ranging too and fro to gain
 The prey that most delighteth me,
 At last I find that breeds my pain,
 She flies so fast it will not be.

And in myself with lingering thoughts
 A sudden strife begins to grow,
 I then do wish such Birds at noughts,
 That from their lovers flieth so.
 At last I see the Fowler's gin,
 Prepared for this bird and me,
 Then wish I lo his head therein,
 So that my bird and I were free.

FINIS

XXXIII

A TRUE DESCRIPTION OF LOVE

ASK what love is ? It is a passion,
 Begun with rest, and pampered up in play,
 Planted on sight, and nourished day by day,
 With talk at large, for hope to graze upon ;
 It is a short joy, long sought, and soon gone ;
 An endless maze wherein our wills do stray ;
 A guileful gain, repentance is the pay.
 A great fire bred of small occasion,
 A plague to make our frailty to us known,
 Where we thereby are subject to their lay ;
 Whose frailty ought to leave until our stay,
 In case ourselves this custom had not known :
 Of hope and health such creatures for to pray,
 Whose glory resteth chiefly on denaye.

FINIS

XXXIV

A FINE AND FRIENDLY LETTER OF THE
LOVER TO HIS BELOVED

LIKE as the hawk is led by lure to draw from tree to tree,
So is my heart through force of love, where ever my
body be ;

The hawk to prey doth double wing, her flight is fled
in vain,

I make my flight in waste of wind, my hope receiveth
no gain.

Hawks that be high it hurts to light two flights without
reward,

My flight is two and three again, alas, Mistress regard.
The hawk brought low is soon made high by feeding
on warm food,

Your mouth's breath sets me aloft, there is nothing so
good.

Good lady, then strain forth the strings, whose tune
may me revive,

And with strange tongue do not prolong my joys thus
to deprive.

Within your breast my heart is hid, your will and it is
one,

Regard my smart, the cure is yours, and loss when I
am gone.

Thus all your own, I recommend me wholly to your
grace,

As seemeth you best for to reward my plight and woeful
case.

Which plight if you do counterpass with joys as doth
belong,

My heart for joy would tune accord to sing some pleasant
song.

FINIS

XXXV

OF FLATTERERS AND FAITHFUL FRIENDS

THE finest tongue can tell the smoothest tale,
The hottest fires have oft the highest smoke,
The hardiest knights the soonest will assail,
The strongest arms can give the sturdiest stroke,
The wisest men be thought of greatest skill,
The poorest friends be found of most good will.

FINIS

XXXVI

A PROPER POSIE FOR A HANDKERCHER

FANCY is fierce, Desire is bold,
Will is wilful, but Reason is cold.

XXXVII

THE AGED LOVER'S NOTE, AT LENGTH TO
LEARN TO DIE

WHY askest thou the cause
Wherefore I am so sad,
Thou knowest when age on draws
No creature can be glad.

And since she hath me rested,
And threatened me to die,
Therefore I am sequestered,
All mirth for to deny.

And now with feeble age
 The rest of all my days,
 My countenance must be full sage,
 Since that my life decays.

Like as the heart of oak,
 By time doth rot at last,
 Like time doth age provoke,
 With time my heart doth brast.

Lo, thus by course of time,
 My youth is gone and past,
 And now the turn is mine
 Of bitter death to taste.

And note what I have said,
 The cause whereof and why :
 My youthful parts be played
 And I must learn to die.

FINIS

XXXVIII

A LOVER APPROVING HIS LADY UNKIND
 IS FORCED UNWILLING TO UTTER HIS MIND

WILLOW, willow, willow, sing all of green willow,
 Sing all of green willow shall be my garland.

My love, what misliking in me do you find,
 Sing all of green willow,
 That on such a sudden, you alter your mind,
 Sing willow, willow, willow ;

What cause doth compel you so fickle to be,
 Willow, willow, willow, willow,
 In heart which you plighted most loyal to me,
 Willow, willow, willow, willow.

I faithfully fixed my faith to remain,
Sing all of green willow,
In hope I as constant should find you again,
Sing willow, willow, willow,
But perjured as Jason, you faithless I find,
Which makes me unwilling to utter my mind.
Willow, willow, willow, sing all of green willow,
Sing all of green willow shall be my garland.

Your beauty brave decked with shows gallant gay,
Sing all of green willow,
Allured my fancy, I could not say nay,
Sing willow, willow, willow ;
Your phrases fine-filed did force me agree,
Willow, willow, willow, willow,
In hope as you promised you loyal would be,
Willow, willow, willow, willow.

But now you be striking, you list not abide,
Sing all of green willow,
Your vow most unconstant and faithless is tried,
Sing willow, willow, willow ;
Your words are uncertain, not trusty you stand,
Which makes me to wear the willow garland ;
Willow, willow, willow, sing all of green willow,
Sing all of green willow shall be my garland.

Hath Light-of-love lulled you so soft in her lap ?
Sing all of green willow,
Hath fancy provoked you ? Did love you entrap ?
Sing willow, willow, willow ;
That now you be flirting, and will not abide,
Willow, willow, willow, willow,
To me which most trusty in time should have tried,
Willow, willow, willow, willow.

Is modest demeanour thus turned to untrust ?

Sing all of green willow ;

Are faith and troth fixed, approved unjust ?

Sing willow, willow, willow.

Are you she which constant for ever should stand ?

And yet will you give me the willow garland ?

Willow, willow, willow, sing all of green willow,
Sing all of green willow shall be my garland.

What motion hath moved you to make in delight ?

Sing all of green willow,

What toy have you taken ? Why seem you to spite,

Sing willow, willow, willow,

Your love which was ready for aye to endure,

Willow, willow, willow, willow,

According to promise most constant and sure,

Willow, willow, willow, willow.

What gallant you conquered ? What youth moved your
mind,

Sing all of green willow,

To leave your old lover and be so unkind,

Sing willow, willow, willow,

To him which you plighted both faith troth and hand,
For ever ; yet gives me the willow garland ?

Willow, willow, willow, sing all of green willow,
Sing all of green willow shall be my garland.

Hath wealth you allured ? the which I do want,

Sing all of green willow ;

Hath pleasant devices compelled you recant ?

Sing willow, willow, willow,

Hath feature forced you your words to deny ?

Willow, willow, willow, willow,

Or is it your fashion to cog and to lie ?

Willow, willow, willow, willow.

What, are your sweet smiles quite turned into lours ?

Sing all of green willow ;

Or is it your order to change them by hours ?

Sing willow, willow, willow.

What have you sufficient think you in your hand

To pay for the making of my willow garland ?

Willow, willow, willow, sing all of green willow,
Sing all of green willow shall be my garland.

Farewell then, most fickle, untrue and unjust,

Sing all of green willow ;

Thy deeds are ill dealings, in thee is no trust,

Willow, willow, willow, willow ;

Thy vows are uncertain, thy words are but wind,

Willow, willow, willow, willow ;

God grant thy new lover more trusty thee find,

Willow, willow, willow, willow.

Be warned then, gallants, by proof I unfold,

Sing willow, willow, willow,

Maid's love is uncertain, soon hot and soon cold,

Sing willow, willow, willow ;

They turn as the reed, not trusty they stand,

Which makes me to wear the willow garland.

FINIS

A HANDFUL OF PLEASANT DELIGHTS

1584

“Containing sundry new sonnets and delectable histories in divers kinds of metre.”

A HANDFUL OF PLEASANT DELIGHTS

XXXIX

A NOSEGAY

*Always sweet, for lovers to send for Tokens
of love, at New Year's tide, or for fairings,
as they in their minds be disposed to write.*

A NOSEGAY, lacking flowers fresh,
To you now I do send ;
Desiring you to look thereon,
When that you may intend ;
For flowers fresh begin to fade,
And Boreas is in the field,
Even with his hard conjealed post,
No better flowers doth yield.

But if that winter could have sprung
A sweeter flower than this,
I would have sent it presently
To you withouten miss.
Accept this then as time doth serve,
Be thankful for the same,
Despise it not, but keep it well,
And mark each flower his name.

Lavender is for lovers true,
Which evermore be fain,
Desiring always for to have
Some pleasure for their pain :
And when that they obtained have
The love that they require,
Then have they all their perfect joy,
And quenched is the fire.

Rosemary is for remembrance,
Between us day and night,
Wishing that I might always have
You present in my sight.
And when I cannot have,
As I have said before,
Then Cupid with his deadly dart,
Doth wound my heart full sore.

Sage is for sustenance,
That should man's life sustain,
For I do still lie languishing,
Continually in pain ;
And shall do still until I die,
Except thou favour show ;
My pain and all my grievous smart,
Full well you do it know.

Fennel is for flatterers,
An evil thing it is sure,
But I have always meant truly,
With constant heart most pure :
And will continue in the same
As long as life doth last,
Still hoping for a joyful day,
When all our pains be past.

Violet is for faithfulness,
Which in me shall abide ;
Hoping likewise that from your heart
You will not let it slide,
And will continue in the same,
As you have now begun,
And then for ever to abide,
Then you my heart have won.

Thyme is to try me,
As each be tried must,
Letting you know while life doth last,
I will not be unjust ;
And if I should I would to God,
To Hell my soul should bear,
And eke also that Beelzebub
With teeth he should me tear.

Roses is to rule me
With reason as you will,
For to be still obedient
Your mind for to fulfill ;
And thereto will not disagree
In nothing that you say,
But will content your mind truly
In all things that I may.

Gillyflowers is for gentleness,
Which in me shall remain,
Hoping that no sedition shall
Depart our hearts in twain.
As soon the sun shall lose his course,
The moon against her kind
Shall have no light, if that I do
Once put you from my mind.

Carnations is for graciousness,
Mark that now by the way ;
Have no regard to flatterers,
Nor pass not what they say ;
For they will come with lying tales
Your ears for to fulfill.
In any case do you consent
Nothing unto their will.

Marigolds is for marriage,
That would our minds suffice,
Least that suspicion of us twain
By any means should rise ;
As for my part, I do not care,
Myself I will still use,
That all the women in the world
For you I will refuse.

Pennyroyal is to print your love
So deep within my heart,
That when you look this nosegay on,
My pain you may impart ;
And when that you have read the same,
Consider well my woe,
Think ye then how to recompence,
Even him that loves you so.

Cowslips is for counsel,
For secrets us between,
That none but you and I alone
Should know the thing we mean ;
And if you think thus wisely do
As I think to be best,
Then have you surely won the field,
And set my heart at rest.

I pray you keep this nosegay well,
And set by it some store ;
And thus farewell, the Gods thee guide,
Both now and evermore ;
Not as the common sort do use
To set it in your breast,
That when the smell is gone away,
On ground he takes his rest.

XL

A Proper new Ditty, Entitled :

“ FIE UPON LOVE AND ALL HIS LAWS ”

(To the tune of “ Lumber me.”)

SUCH bitter fruit thy love doth yield,
Such broken sleeps, such hope unsure ;
Thy call so oft hath me beguiled,
That I unneth can well endure ;
But cry, alas, as I have cause,
Fie upon love and all his laws.

Like Pyramus I sigh and groan,
Whom stony walls kept from his love ;
And as the woeful Palamon,
A thousand storms, for thee I prove,
Yet thou a cruel Tiger's whelp,
All slayest the heart whom thou mayest help.

A craggy rock thy cradle was,
And tiger's milk sure was thy food,
Whereby Dame Nature brought to pass
That like the nurse should be thy mood :
Wild and unkind, cruel and fell,
To rent the heart that loves thee well.

The Crocodile with fained tears,
The fisher not so oft beguiles,
As thou hast lulled by simple ears
To hear sweet words full fraught with wiles,
That I may say as I do prove,
Woe worth the time I gan to love.

Sith thou hast vowed to work my wrack,
And hast no will my wealth to weigh,
Farewell unkind, I will keep back
Such toys as may my health decay ;
And still will cry as I have cause,
Fie upon love and all his laws.

THE PHŒNIX NEST

1593

“ Built up with the most rare and refined works of Noblemen, Worthy Knights, Gallant Gentlemen, Masters of Arts, and Brave Scholars.”

“ Full of variety, excellent invention and singular delight. Never before this time published.”

THE PHŒNIX NEST

XLI

AN EPITAPH UPON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT: LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING

To praise thy life, or wail thy worthy death,
And want thy wit, thy wit, high, pure, divine,
Is far beyond the power of mortal line,
Nor anyone hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeal, though poor in learning's lore,
And friendly care obscured in secret breast,
And love that envy in thy life suppressed,
My dear life done, and death hath doubled more.

And I that in thy time and living state,
Did only praise thy virtues in my thought,
As one that field the rising sun hath sought,
With words and tears now wail thy timeless fate.

Drawn was thy race aright from princely line,
Nor less than such, by gifts that nature gave,
The common mother that all creatures have,
Doth virtue show, and princely lineage shine.

A king gave thee thy name, a kingly mind
That God thee gave, who found it now too dear
For this base world, and hath resumed it near
To sit in skies, and 'sort with powers divine.

Kent thy birth days, and Oxford held thy youth,
The heavens made haste, and stayed nor years nor
time ;
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
Thy will, thy words, thy words the seals of truth.

Great gifts and wisdom rare employed thee thence,
To treat from kings, with those more great than
kings,
Such hope men had to lay the highest things
On thy wise youth, to be transported hence.

Whence to sharp wars sweet honour did thee call,
Thy country's love, religion, and thy friends ;
Of worthy men the marks, the lives and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labour all.

Thus did thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
Grief, sorrow, sickness and base fortune's might ;
Thy rising day saw never woeful night,
But passed with praise from off this worldly stage.

Back to the camp, by thee that day was brought,
First thine own death, and after thy long fame ;
Tears to the soldiers, the proud Castilians' shame,
Virtue expressed and honour truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath won,
Young years for endless years, and hope unsure,
Of fortune's gifts for wealth that still shall dure.
Oh ! Happy race, with so great praises run.

England doth hold thy limbs that bred the same,
Flanders thy valour where it last was tried,
The Camp thy sorrow where thy body died,
Thy friends, thy want ; the world, thy virtues' fame.

Nations thy wit, our minds lay up thy love ;
Letters thy learning ; thy loss, years long to come.
In worthy hearts sorrow has made thy tomb,
Thy soul and spirit enrich the heavens above.

Thy liberal heart embalmed in grateful tears,
Young sighs, sweet sighs, sage sighs, bewail thy fall ;
Envy her sting, and spite hath left her gall ;
Malice herself a mourning garment wears.

That day their Hannibal died, our Scipio fell,
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time,
Whose virtues wounded by my worthless rhyme ;
Let angels speak, and heavens thy praises tell.

XLII

MIDST lasting griefs to have but short repose,
In little ease to feed on loath'd suspect,
Through deep despite assured love to lose,
In show to like, in substance to neglect :

To laugh an hour, to weep an age of woe,
From true mishap to gather false delight,
To freeze in fear, in inward heart to glow,
To read my loss within a ruthless fight :

To seek my weal, and wot not where it lies,
In hidden fraud, an open wrong to find,
Of ancient thoughts, new fables to devise,
Delightful smiles, but yet a scornful mind

These are the means that murder my relief,
And end my doubtful hope with certain grief.

T. L. GENT

XLIII

FOR pity pretty eyes surcease
 To give me war, and grant me peace.
 Triumphant eyes, why bear you arms
 Against a heart that thinks no harms ?
 A heart already quite appalled,
 A heart that yields and is enthralled ?
 Kill rebels proudly that resist,
 Not those that in true faith persist,
 And conquered serve your deity.
 Will you, alas, command me die ?
 Then die I yours, and death my cross,
 But unto you pertains the loss.

T. L. GENT

XLIV

My bonny lass, thine eye,
 So sly,
 Hath made me sorrow so ;
 Thy crimson cheeks, my dear,
 So clear,
 Have so much wrought my woe.

Thy pleasing smiles and grace,
 Thy face,
 Have ravished so my sprites,
 That life is grown to nought
 Through thought
 Of love, which me affrights.

For fancy's flames of fire
 Aspire
 Unto such furious power

As, but the tears I shed
 Make dead,
The brands would me devour.

I should consume to nought,
 Through thought
Of thy fair shining eye,
Thy cheeks, thy pleasing smiles,
 The wiles
That forced my heart to die.

Thy grace, thy face, the part,
 Where art,
Stands gazing still to see
The wondrous gifts and power,
 Each hour,
That hath bewitched me.

T. L. GENT

XLV

WHAT cunning can express
 The favour of her face,
To whom in this distress
 I do appeal for grace!
A thousand Cupids fly
About her gentle eye.

From whence each throws a dart
 That kindleth soft, sweet fire
Within my sighing heart,
 Possessed by desire;
No sweeter life I try
Than in her love to die.

The lily in the field,
That glories in his white,
For pureness now must yield,
And render up his right ;
Heaven pictured in her face
Doth promise joy and grace.

Fair Cynthia's silver light,
That beats on running streams,
Compares not with her white
Whose hairs are all sunbeams ;
Her virtues so do shine,
As day unto mine eyen.

With this there is a red
Exceeds the damask rose,
Which in her cheeks is spread,
Whence every favour grows ;
In sky there is no star,
That she surmounts not far.

When Phœbus from the bed
Of Thetis doth arise,
The morning blushing red
In fair carnation wise ;
He shows it in her face,
As queen of every grace.

This pleasant lily white,
This taint of roseate red,
This Cynthia's silver light,
This sweet, fair Dea spread
These sunbeams in my eye,
These beauties make me die.

XLVI

THOSE eyes, which set my fancy on a fire,
Those crisped hairs, which hold my heart in chains,
Those dainty hands, which conquered my desire,
That wit, which of my thoughts doth hold the reins.

Those eyes for clearness do the stars surpass,
Those hairs obscure the brightness of the sun,
Those hands more white than ever Ivory was,
That wit even to the skies hath glory won.

O eyes that pierce our hearts without remorse,
O hairs of light that wear a royal crown,
O hands that conquer more than Cæsar's force,
O wit that turns huge kingdoms upside down !

Then Love be judge, what heart can thee withstand,
Such eyes, such hair, such wit, and such a hand.

XLVII

LIKE to a hermit, poor, in place obscure,
I mean to spend my days of endless doubt,
To wail such woes as time cannot recure,
Where none but Love shall ever find me out.

My food shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drink nought else but tears fall'n from mine eyes.
And for my light in such obscured shade,
The flames shall serve, which from my heart arise.

A gown of grey my body shall attire,
My staff of broken hope whereon I'll stay,
Of late repentance linked with long desire
The couch is framed whereon my limbs I'll lay.

And at my gate despair shall linger still,
To let in Death when Love and Fortune will.

XLVIII

LIKE truthless dreams, so are my joys expired,
And past return are all my dandled days ;
My love misled, and fancy quite retired,
Of which all passed, the sorrow only stays.

My lost delights, now clean from sight of land,
Have left me all alone in unknown ways,
My mind to woe, my life in Fortune's hand,
Of which all passed, the sorrow only stays.

As in a country strange without companion,
I only wail the wrong of death's delays,
Whose sweet spring spent, whose summer well nigh
done,
Of which all passed, the sorrow only stays.

Whom care forewarns ere age and winter cold,
To haste me hence, to find my fortune's fold.

XLIX

THE time when first I fell in love,
Which now I must lament,
The year wherein I lost such time
To compass my content ;

The day wherein I saw too late
The follies of a lover ;
The hour wherein I found such loss
As care cannot recover ;

And last, the minute of mishap
Which makes me thus to plain,
The doleful fruits of lovers' suits,
Which labour lose in vain ;

Doth make me solemnly protest,
As I with pain do prove,
There is no time, year, day, nor hour,
Nor minute good to love.

L

SET me where Phœbus' heat the flowers slayeth,
Or where continual snow withstands his forces,
Set me where he his temperate rays displayeth,
Or where he comes, or where he never courses.

Set me in Fortune's grace, or else discharged,
In sweet or pleasant air, or dark and glooming,
Where days and nights are lesser or enlarged,
In years of strength, in failing age, or blooming.

Set me in heaven, or earth, or in the centre,
Low in a vale, or on a mountain placed.
Set me in danger, peril and adventure,
Graced by fame, or infamy disgraced.

Set me to these, or any other trial,
Except my Mistress' anger and denial.

LI

THE firmament with golden stars adorned,
The sailor's watchful eyes full well contenteth,
And afterward with tempest overspread
The absent lights of heaven he sore lamenteth.

Your face, the firmament of my repose,
Long time has kept my waking thoughts delighted,
But now the clouds of sorrow overgoes
Your glorious skies, wherewith I am affrighted.

For I that have my life and fortunes placed
Within the ship, that by those planets saileth,
By envious chance am overmuch disgraced,
Seeing the Loadstar of my courses faileth.

And yet content to drown, without repining,
To have my stars afford the world their shining.

LII

A DESCRIPTION OF LOVE

Now what is Love, I pray thee tell ?
It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell ;
It is perhaps that sauncing bell,
That tolls all in to heaven or hell ;
And this is Love, as I hear tell.

Yet what is Love, I pray thee say ?
It is a work on holiday,
It is December matched with May,
When lusty bloods in fresh array
Hear ten months after of the play :
And this is Love, as I hear say.

Yet what is Love, I pray thee sain ?
It is sunshine mixed with rain,
It is tooth-ache or like pain,
It is a game, where none doth gain,
The lass saith no, and would full fain :
And this is Love, as I hear sain.

Yet what is Love, I pray thee say ?
It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soon away.
Then take the vantage while you may ;
And this is Love, as I hear say.

Yet what is Love, I pray thee show ?
A thing that creeps, it cannot go,
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that proves must find it so,
And this is Love, sweet friend, I troe.

LIII

CEASE restless thoughts, surcharged with heaviness,
Love, fortune, and disdain with their endeavour,
The forces of my life will soon dissever,
Without the sting of your unquietness.

And thou, O heart, guilty of my distress,
To labour these fair foes doth still persevere,
Whereby thou showest false traitor thou hadst lever
Their conquest, than mine ease and happiness.

In thee Love's messengers have taken dwelling,
Fortune in thee her pomp triumphant spreadeth,
Disdain hath spent in thee her bitter swelling,
Thus thou the root from whence my woes proceedeth.

Cease then vain thoughts, no more my sorrows double :
Love, fortune, and disdain, enough of trouble !

ENGLAND'S HELICON

1600

“ The courts of kings hear no such strains
As daily lull the rustic swains.”

ENGLAND'S HELICON

LIV

ASTROPHEL'S LOVE IS DEAD

RING out your bells, let mourning shows be spread,
For Love is dead.

All love is dead infected
With plague of deep disdain ;
Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
And faith fair scorn doth gain.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord deliver us.

Weep, neighbours, weep, do you not hear it said
That Love is dead ?

His death-bed peacock's folly,
His winding sheet is shame,
His will false, seeming holy,
His sole exec'tor blame.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord deliver us.

Let dirge be sung and Trentals richly read
For Love is dead.

And Wrong his tomb ordaineth,
My mistress' marble heart.
Which epitaph containeth
Her eyes were once his dart.

From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female frenzy,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord deliver us.

Alas, I lie, rage hath this error bred,
 Love is not dead.
 Love is not dead but sleepeth
 In her unmatched mind,
 Where she his counsel keepeth,
 Till due desert she find.
 Therefore from so vile fancy,
 To call such wit a frenzy,
 Who love can temper thus,
 Good Lord deliver us.

FINIS

SIR PHIL. SIDNEY

LV

DORUS HIS COMPARISONS

My sheep are thoughts, which I both guide and serve,
 Their pasture is fair hills of fruitless love ;
 On barren sweets they feed, and feeding sterve ;
 I wail their lot, but will not other prove ;
 My sheep-hook is wan hope, which all upholds,
 My weeds desires, cut out in endless folds,
 What wool my sheep shall bear, while thus they live,
 In you it is, you must the judgement give.

FINIS

SIR PHIL. SIDNEY

LVI

ESPILUS AND THERION, THEIR CONTENTION
IN SONG FOR THE MAY LADY

ESPILUS

TUNE up my voice, a higher note I yield ;
To high conceit the song must needs be high :
More high than stars, more firm than flinty field,
Are all my thoughts, in which I live and die.
Sweet soul, to whom I vowèd am a slave,
Let not wild woods so great a treasure have.

THERION

The highest note comes oft from basest mind,
As shallow brooks so yield the greatest sound ;
Seek other thoughts thy life or death to find,
Thy stars be fallen, plough'd is thy flinty ground :
Sweet soul, let not a wretch that serveth sheep,
Among his flocks so sweet a treasure keep.

ESPILUS

Two thousand sheep I have, as white as milk,
Though not so white as is thy lovely face,
The pasture rich, the wool as soft as silk ;
All this I give, let me possess thy grace.
But still take heed, lest thou thyself submit
To one that hath no wealth, and wants his wit.

THERION

Two thousand deer in wildest woods I have ;
Them can I take, but you I cannot hold ;
He is not poor who can his freedom save ;
Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would.

But take this beast, if beasts you fear to miss,
For of his beasts the greatest beast he is.

Both kneeling to her Majesty.

ESPILUS

Judge you, to whom all beauty's force is lent.

THERION

Judge you of Love, to whom all Love is lent.

This Song was sung before the Queen's most excellent Majesty, in Wanstead Garden, as a contention between a Forester and a Shepherd for the May Lady.

FINIS

SIR PHIL. SIDNEY

LVII

ANOTHER OF ASTROPHEL

THE nightingale, as soon as April bringeth
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
While late-bare earth, proud of new clothing springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making ;
And, mournfully bewailing,
Her throat in tunes expresseth,
What grief her breast oppreseth,
For Tereus' force on her chaste will prevailing.
O, Philomela fair ! O, take some gladness
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness !
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth ;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth !

Alas ! she hath no other cause of languish
But Tereus' love, on her by strong hand wroken ;
Wherein she suffering all her spirits languish,
Full woman-like complains her will was broken.
But I, who daily craving,
Cannot have to content me,
Have more cause to lament me,
Sith wanting is more woe than too much having.
O Philomela fair ! O take some gladness
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness !
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth ;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.

FINIS

SIR PHIL. SIDNEY

LVIII

DORON'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS FAIR
SHEPHERDESS SAMELA

LIKE to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela.
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When washed by Arethusa faint they lie,
Is fair Samela.
As fair Aurora in her morning gray,
Deck'd with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela.
Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancies move,
Shines fair Samela.
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory,
Of fair Samela.

Her cheeks like rose and lily yield forth gleams,
Her brows' bright arches framed of ebony ;
Thus fair Samela.
Passeth fair Venus in her brightest hue,
And June, in the show of majesty ;
For she's Samela.
Pallas in wit, all three if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yield to Samela.

FINIS

ROBERT GREENE

LIX

PHYLLIDA AND CORYDON

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood-side,
When as May was in his pride :
There I spied all alone,
Phyllida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot !
He would love and she would not,
She said never man was true ;
He said, none was false to you.
He said, he had loved her long ;
She said, Love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then ;
She said maids must kiss no men,
Till they did for good and all ;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,

Such as silly shepherds use
 When they will not love abuse,
 Love which had been long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded ;
 And Phyllida, with garlands gay,
 Was made the lady of the May.

FINIS

N. BRETON

LX

COLIN CLOUTS' MOURNFUL DITTY FOR THE
DEATH OF ASTROPHEL

SHEPHERDS that wont on pipes of oaten reed
 Oft times to plain your love's concealèd smart,
 And with your piteous lays have learnt to breed
 Compassion in a country lass's heart.
 Harken, ye gentle shepherds, to my song,
 And place my doleful plaint your plaints among.

To you alone I sing this mournful verse,
 The mournfull'st verse that ever man heard tell ;
 To you whose softened hearts it may impierce
 With dolour's dart for death of Astrophel.
 To you I sing, and to none other wight,
 For, well I wot, my rhymes been rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nicer wit
 Shall hap to hear or covet them to read,
 Think he that such are for such ones most fit,
 Made not to please the living but the dead :
 And if in him found pity ever place,
 Let him be moved to pity such a case.

FINIS

EDM. SPENSER

LXI

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD'S SONG

ON a day, (alack the day !)
Love whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air.
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen gan passage find,
That the shepherd (sick to death)
Wish'd himself the heavens' breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so.
But, alas ! My hand hath sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
Vow, alack ! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet ;
Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were,
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for my love.

FINIS

W. SHAKESPEARE

LXII

THE SHEPHERD'S PRAISE OF HIS SACRED
DIANA

PRAISED be Diana's fair and harmless light,
Praised be the dews wherewith she moistens the ground,
Praised be her beams, the glory of the night,
Praised be her power, by which all powers abound.

Praised be her nymphs, with whom she decks the woods,
Praised be her knights, in whom true honour lives,
Praised be that force by which she moves the floods,
Let that Diana shine which all these gives.

In Heaven, queen she is among the spheres,
She mistress-like makes all things to be pure,
Eternity in her oft change she bears,
She beauty is ; by her the fair endure.

Time wears her not, she doth his chariot guide,
Mortality below her orb is placed,
By her the virtue of the stars down slide ;
In her is virtue's perfect image cast.

A knowledge pure it is her worth to know ;
With Circes let them dwell that think not so.

FINIS

S. W. R.

LXIII

PHYLLIDA'S LOVE CALL TO HER CORYDON,
AND HIS REPLYING

Phyl : Corydon, arise, my Corydon !
Titan shineth clear.

Cor : Who is it calleth Corydon ?
Who is it that I hear ?

Phyl : Phyllida, thy true love, calleth thee,
Arise then, arise then ;
Arise and keep thy flock with me !

Cor : Phyllida, my true love, is it she ?
I come then, I come then,
I come and keep my flock with thee.

Phyl : Here are cherries ripe for my Corydon ;
Eat them for my sake.

Cor : Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,
Sport for thee to make.

Phyl : Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk,
To knit thee, to knit thee
A pair of stockings white as milk.

Cor : Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee
A bonnet to withstand the heat.

Phyl : I will gather flowers, my Corydon,
To set in thy cap.

Cor : I will gather pears, my lovely one,
To put in thy lap.

Phyl : I will buy my true love garters gay,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about his legs so tall.

Cor : I will buy my true love yellow say,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about her middle small.

Phyl : When my Corydon sits on a hill
Making melody—

Cor : When my lovely one goes to her wheel,
Singing cheerily—

Phyl : Sure methinks my true love doth excel
For sweetness, for sweetness,
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight.

Cor : And methinks my true love bears the bell
For clearness, for clearness,
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.

Phyl : Had my Corydon, my Corydon,
Been, alack ! her swain—

Cor : Had my lovely one, my lovely one,
Been in Ida plain—

Phyl : Cynthia Endymion hath refused,
 Preferring, preferring,
 My Corydon to play withal.

Cor : The Queen of love hath been excused
 Bequeathing, bequeathing,
 My Phyllida the golden ball.

Phyl : Yonder comes my mother, Corydon,
 Whither shall I fly ?

Cor : Under yonder beech, my lovely one,
 While she passeth by.

Phyl : Say to her thy true love was not here ;
 Remember, remember,
 To-morrow is another day.

Cor : Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear
 Farewell then, farewell then,
 Heaven keep our loves alway.

FINIS

IGNOTO

LXIV

THE SHEPHERD DAMON'S PASSION

AH trees, why fall your leaves so fast ?

Ah rocks, where are your robes of moss ?

Ah flocks, why stand you all aghast ?

Trees, rocks, and flocks, what are ye pensive for my
 loss ?

The birds methinks tune nought but moan,

The winds breathe nought but bitter plaint,

The beasts forsake their dens to groan :

Birds, winds, and beasts, what doth my loss your
 powers attain ?

Floods weep their springs above their bounds,
 And echo wails to see my woe,
 The robe of ruth doth clothe the grounds :
 Floods, echo, grounds, why do ye all these tears
 bestow ?

The trees, the rocks, and flocks reply,
 The birds, the winds, the beasts report,
 Floods, echo, grounds for sorrow cry,
 " We grieve since Phillis nill kind Damon's love
 consort."

FINIS

THOM. LODGE

LXV

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

LOVE in my bosom like a bee
 Doth suck his sweet ;
 Now with his wings he plays with me,
 Now with his feet.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast,
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest.
 Ah, wanton, will ye ?

And if I sleep, then pierceth he,
 With pretty slight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee,
 The livelong night.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the strings ;
 He music plays if I but sing,
 He lends me every lovely thing,
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
 Whist, wanton, still ye !

Else I with roses every day
 Will whip ye hence,
 And bind ye when ye long to play
 For your offence.
 I'll shut my eyes to keep ye in,
 I'll make you fast it for your sin,
 I'll count your power not worth a pin,
 Alas, what hereby shall I win,
 If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod ?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god.
 Then sit you safely on my knee,
 And let thy bower my bosom be,
 Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
 O Cupid, so thou pity me,
 Spare not, but play thee.

FINIS

THOM. LODGE

LXVI

CENONE'S COMPLAINT IN BLANK VERSE

MELPOMENE, the Muse of tragic songs,
 With mournful tunes in stole of dismal hue,
 Assist a silly nymph to wail her woe,
 And leave thy lusty company behind.

This luckless wreath becomes not me to wear,
 The poplar tree for triumph of my love,
 Then as my joy, my pride of love is left ;
 Be thou unclothed of thy lovely green :

And in thy leaves my fortunes written be,
 And then some gentle wind let blow abroad,
 That all the world may see how false is love,
 False Paris hath to his Ænone been.

FINIS

GEO. PEELE

LXVII

COLIN, THE ENAMOURED SHEPHERD, SINGETH
 THIS PASSION OF LOVE

O GENTLE Love, ungentle for thy deed,
 Thou makest my heart
 A bloody mark
 With piercing shot to bleed.

Shoot soft, sweet Love, for fear thou shoot amiss,
 For fear too keen
 Thy arrows been,
 And hit the heart where my belovèd is.

Too fair that future were, nor never I
 Shall be so blest,
 Among the rest,
 That love shall seize on her by sympathy.

Then since with Love my prayers bear no boot,
 This doth remain
 To ease my pain,
 I take the wound, and die at Venus' foot.

FINIS

GEO. PEELE

LXVIII

THE HERDMAN'S HAPPY LIFE

WHAT pleasures have great princes
More dainty to their choice
Than herdmen wild, who careless
In quiet life rejoice ?
And fortune's fate not fearing,
Sing sweet in summer morning.

Their dealings plain and rightful,
Are void of all deceit :
They never know how spiteful
It is to kneel and wait
On favourite presumptuous,
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth,
At night they take their rest,
More quiet than who sendeth
His ship unto the East,
Where gold and pearl are plenty,
But getting very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading,
They 'steem it not a straw ;
They think that honest meaning
Is of itself a law ;
Where conscience judgeth plainly
They spend no money vainly.

Oh, happy who thus liveth
Not caring much for gold ;
With clothing which sufficeth
To keep him from the cold.

Though poor and plain his diet,
Yet merry it is and quiet.

FINIS

OUT OF N. BYRD'S SET SONGS

LXIX

MELISSA HER SONG IN SCORN OF HER SHEPHERD NARCISSUS

YOUNG shepherd, turn aside, and move
Me not to follow thee,
For I will neither kill with love,
Nor love shall not kill me.

Since I will live, and never favour show,
Then die not for my love, I will not give :
For I will never have thee love me so,
As I do mean to hate thee while I live.

That since the lover so doth prove
His death, as thou dost see,
So bold : I will not kill with love,
Nor love shall not kill me.

FINIS

BAR. YOUNG

LXX

OF DISDAINFUL DAPHNE

SHALL I say that I love you,
Daphne disdainful ?
Sore it costs as I prove you,
Loving is painful.

Shall I say what doth grieve me ?
Lover's lament it.
Daphne will not relieve me ;
Late I repent it.

Shall I die, shall I perish,
Through her unkindness ?
Love, untaught love to cherish
Showeth his blindness.

Shall the hills, shall the valleys,
The fields, the city,
With the sound of my outcries,
Move her to pity ?

The deep falls of fair rivers,
And the winds turning,
Are the true music-givers
Unto my mourning ;

Where my flocks daily feeding,
Pining for sorrow
At their master's heart-bleeding,
Shot with love's arrow.

From her eyes to my heart-string
Was the shaft lanced,
It made all the woods to ring,
By which it glanced.

When the nymph had used me so,
Then she did hide her ;
Hapless I did Daphne know,
Hapless I spied her.

Thus turtle-like I wail me,
 For my love's losing ;
 Daphne's trust thus did fail me,
 Woe worth such choosing !

FINIS

M. N. NOWELL

LXXI

TO COLIN CLOUT

BEAUTY sat bathing by a spring
 Where fairest shades did hide her ;
 The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
 The cool streams ran beside her.
 My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye,
 To see what was forbidden ;
 But better memory said, fie,
 So vain desire was chidden.
 Hey, nonny, nonny, etc.

Into a slumber then I fell,
 When fond imagination
 Seemed to see, but could not tell
 Her feature or her fashion.
 But even as babes in dreams do smile,
 And sometimes fall a-weeping,
 So I awaked, as wise the while,
 As when I fell asleeping.
 Hey, nonny, nonny, etc.

FINIS

SHEPHERD TONY

LXXII

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant poses,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning ;
If these delights thy mind may move
Then live with me and be my love.

FINIS

CHR. MARLOWE

LXXIII

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields ;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

FINIS

IGNOTO

LXXIV

THE SHEPHERD'S DAFFODIL

GORBO, as thou cam'st this way
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields didst stray
Saw'st thou my Daffodil ?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
The colour Maids delight,
And never hath her beauty seen
But through a veil of white.

Than roses richer to behold,
That dress up lovers' bowers,
The pansy and the marigold
Are Phœbus' paramours.

Thou well describ'st the daffodil,
It is not full an hour,
Since by that spring near yonder hill
I saw that lovely flower.

Yet with my flower thou didst not meet,
Nor news of her doth bring ;
Yet is my Daffodil more sweet
Than that by yonder spring.

I saw a shepherd that doth keep
In yonder field of lillies,
Was making, as he fed his sheep,
A wreath of daffodillies.

Yet Gorbo, thou delud'st me still,
My flower thou didst not see ;
For know, my pretty Daffodil
Is worn of none but me.

To show itself but near her feet
 No lily is so bold,
 Except to shade her from the heat,
 Or keep her from the cold.

Through yonder vale, as I did pass,
 Descending from the hill,
 I met a smirking, bonny lass,
 They call her Daffodil :

Whose presence as along she went
 The pretty flowers did greet,
 As though their heads they down-ward bent,
 With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
 From top of every hill,
 Unto the vallies loud did cry :
 " There goes sweet Daffodil."

Aye, gentle shepherd, now with joy
 Thou all my flock dost fill,
 Come go with me thou Shepherd's boy,
 Let us to Daffodil.

FINIS

MICHAEL DRAYTON

LXXV

THE SHEPHERD'S ANTHEM

NEAR to a bank with roses set about,
 Where pretty turtles joining bill to bill,
 And gentle springs steal softly murmuring out,
 Washing the foot of pleasure's sacred hill,

There little Love sore wounded lies,
His bow and arrows broken,
Bedewed with tears from Venus' eyes,
Oh ! that it should be spoken.

Bear him my heart, slain with her scornful eye,
Where sticks the arrow that poor heart did kill,
With whose sharp pile yet will him ere he die,
About my heart to write his latest will.
And bid him send it back to me,
At instant of his dying,
That cruel, cruel, she may see
My faith and her denying.

His hearse shall be a mourning Cypress shade,
And for a Chantry Philomel's sweet lay,
Where prayer shall continually be made
By pilgrim lovers passing by that way :
With nymph's and shepherds' yearly moan,
His timeless death beweeeping ;
And telling that my heart alone,
Hath his last will in keeping.

FINIS

MICH. DRAYTON

LXXVI

DAMELUS' SONG TO HIS DIAPHENIA

DIAPHENIA, like the Daffadoun-dillie,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee !
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams,
How blessed were I if thou would'st prove me !

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee !

I do love thee as each flower
 Loves the sun's life-giving power :
 For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed,
 When all thy praises are expressed,
 Dear joy, how I do love thee !
 As the birds do love the spring,
 Or the bees their careful king,
 Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me.

FINIS

H. C.

LXXVII

TO HIS LOVE

COME away, come, sweet Love,
 The golden morning breaks,
 All the earth, all the air,
 Of love and pleasure speaks.
 Teach thine arms then to embrace,
 And sweet rosy lips to kiss,
 And mix our souls in mutual bliss.
 Eyes were made for beauty's grace,
 Viewing, rueing, love's long pain,
 Procured by beauty's rude disdain.

Come away, come, sweet Love,
 The golden morning wastes ;
 While the sun from his sphere
 His fiery arrow casts,
 Making all the shadows fly,
 Playing, staying in the grove,
 To entertain the stealth of love,
 Thither, sweet love, let us hie,
 Flying, dying, in desire,
 Winged with sweet hopes and heavenly fire.

Come away, come, sweet Love,
 Do not in vain adorn
 Beauty's grace, that should rise
 Like to the naked morn.
 Lillies on the river-side,
 And fair Cyprian flowers new blown
 Desire no beauties but their own.
 Ornament is nurse of pride,
 Pleasure, measure, love's delight ;
 Haste then, sweet love, our wished flight.

FINIS

LXXVIII

MONTANUS' SONNET IN THE WOODS

ALAS, how wander I amidst these woods
 Whereas no day bright shine doth find access ?
 But where the melancholy fleeting floods,
 Dark as the night, my night of woes express ;
 Disarmed of reason, spoiled of Nature's good ;
 Without redress to salve my heaviness
 I walk, whilst thought, too cruel to my harms,
 With endless grief my heedless judgement claims.

My silent tongue assailed by secret fear,
 My traitorous eyes imprisoned in their joy,
 My fatal peace devoured in fained cheer,
 My heart enforced to harbour in annoy ;
 My reason robbed of power by yielding care,
 My fond opinions, slave to every joy.
 O Love, thou guide in my uncertain way,
 Woe to thy bow, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

FINIS

S. E. D.

DAVISON'S POETICAL RHAPSODY

1602

“Containing Diverse Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, Madrigals, and other Poesies, both in rhyme and measured verse.”

DAVISON'S POETICAL RHAPSODY

LXXIX

DISPRAISE OF COURTLY LIFE

WALKING in bright Phœbus' gaze,
Where with heat oppressed I was,
I got to a shady wood
Where green leaves did newly bud :
And of grass was plenty dwelling,
Decked with pied flowers sweetly smelling.

In this wood a man I met,
On lamenting wholly set,
Rueing change of wonted state,
Whence he was transformed late,
Once to Shepherd's God retaining,
Now in servile court remaining.

There he wandering malcontent,
Up and down perplexed went,
Daring not to tell to me,
Spake unto a senseless tree,
One among the rest electing,
These same words or this effecting :

" My old mates I grieve to see
Void of me in field to be,
Where we once our lovely sheep,
Lovingly like friends did keep,
Oft each other's friendship proving,
Never striving but in loving.

But may love abiding be
In poor shepherd's base degree ?

It belongs to such alone
To whom art of love is known,
Silly shepherds are not witting
What in art of love is fitting.

Nay, what need the art to those,
To whom we our love disclose ?
It is to be used then
When we do but flatter men ;
Friendship true in heart assured,
Is by nature's gifts procured.

Therefore shepherds wanting skill,
Can love's duties best fulfill,
Since they know not how to fain,
Nor with love to cloak disdain,
Like the wiser sort, whose learning
Hides their inward will of harming.

Well was I while under shade,
Oaten reeds me music made,
Striving with my mates in song,
Mixing mirth our songs among.
Greater was that shepherd's treasure,
Than this false, fine, courtly pleasure.

Where, how many creatures be,
So many puffed in mind I see,
Like to Juno's birds of pride,
Scarce each other can abide ;
Friends like to black swans appearing,
Sooner these than those in hearing.

Therefore, Pan, if thou mayest be
Made to listen unto me,
Grant, I say (if silly man
May make treaty to god Pan),
That I, without thy denying,
May be still to thee relying.

Only for my two loves' sake (*Sir Ed. D. and M. F. G.*)
 In whose love I pleasure take,
 Only two do me delight
 With their ever pleasing sight,
 Of all men to thee retaining,
 Grant me with those two remaining.

So shall I to thee always
 With my reeds sound mighty praise ;
 And first lamb that shall befall
 Yearly deck thine altar shall ;
 If it please thee be reflected,
 And I from thee not rejected."

So I left him in that place,
 Taking pity on his case,
 Leaving this among the rest,
 That the mean estate is best,
 Better filled with contenting,
 Void of wishing and repenting.

SIR PH. SIDNEY

LXXX

SONNET TO PITY

WAKE, Pity, wake, for thou hast slept too long,
 Within the tigerish heart of that fierce fair,
 Who ruins most, where most she should repair,
 And where she owes most right doth greatest wrong.
 Wake, Pity, wake, O do no more prolong
 Thy needful help, but quickly hear my prayer,
 Quickly, alas, for otherwise Despair,
 By guilty death, will end my guiltless wrong.

Sweet Pity, wake, and tell my cruel sweet,
 That if my death her honour might increase,
 I would lay down my life at her proud feet,
 And willing die, and dying hold my peace.
 Tell her I live, and living cry for grace,
 Because my death her glory would deface.

LXXXI

MADRIGAL

HE BEGS A KISS

SORROW seldom killeth any,
 Sudden joy hath murdered many :
 Then, Sweet, if you would end me,
 'Tis a fond course with lingering grief to spend me ;
 For quickly to despatch me,
 Your only way is in your arms to catch me,
 And give me a sweet kiss :
 For such excessive and unlooked-for bliss
 Would so much overjoy me,
 As it would straight destroy me.

LXXXII

MADRIGAL

CUPID PROVED A FENCER

AH ! Cupid, I mistook thee,
 I for an archer and no fencer took thee ;
 But as a fencer oft fains blows and thrusts,
 Where he doth mean no harm,
 Then turns his baleful arm,
 And wounds his foe whereas he least mistrusts ;
 So thou with fencing art,
 Faining to wound mine eyes, hath hit my heart.

LXXXIII

ODE

HIS LADY TO BE CONDEMNED OF IGNORANCE
OR CRUELTY

As she is fair, so faithful I,
My service she, her grace I merit,
Her beauty doth my love inherit,
But grace she doth deny.
Oh ! knows she not how much I love ?
Or doth knowledge in her move
No small remorse ?
For the guilt thereof must lie
Upon one of these of force,
Her ignorance or cruelty.

As she is fair, so cruel she,
I sow true love, but reap disdain,
Her pleasure springeth from my paining,
Which pity's source should be.
Too well she knows how much I love,
Yet doth knowledge in her move
No small remorse.
Then the guilt thereof must lie
Upon this alone of force,
Her undeserved cruelty.

As she is fair, so were she kind,
Or being cruel, could I waver,
Soon should I either win her favour
Or a new mistress find.
But neither out, alas, may be,
Scorn in her and love in me,
So fixed are.
Yet in whom most blame doth lie,
Judge she may if she compare
My love unto her cruelty.

LXXXIV

ALLEGORY OF HIS LOVE TO A SHIP

THE soldier worn with wars delights in peace,
The pilgrim in his ease when toils are past,
The ship to gain the port when storms do cease,
And I rejoice, discharged from love at last.
Whom while I served, peace, rest and land I lost,
With wars, with toils, with storms, worn, tried, and
tossed.

Sweet liberty now gives me leave to sing
What world it was, where love the rule did bear,
How foolish chance by lots ruled every thing,
How error was mainsail, each wave a tear ;
The master, love himself, deep sighs were wind,
Cares rowed with vows, the ship a pensive mind.

False hope, the helm, oft turned the ship about,
And constant faith stood up for middle mast,
Despair the cable, twisted all with doubt,
Held gripping grief the piked anchor fast ;
Beauty was all the rocks, but I at last
Have gained the port, and now my love is past.

LXXXV

A SONNET TO THE MOON

Look how the pale Queen of the silent night
Doth cause the Ocean to attend upon her,
And he, as long as she is in his sight,
With his full tide is ready her to honour :
But when the silver wagon of the Moon
Is mounted up so high he cannot follow,

The sea calls home his crystal waves to moan,
 And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow :
 So you, that are the sovereign of my heart,
 Have all my joys attending on your will,
 My joys low-ebbing when you do depart ;
 When you return, their tide my heart doth fill.
 So as you come, and as you do depart
 Joys ebb and flow within my tender heart.

CHA. BEST

LXXXVI

MADRIGAL

THINE eyes so bright
 Bereft my sight,
 When first I viewed thy face.
 So now my light
 Is turned to night,
 I stray from place to place.
 Then guide me of thy kindness,
 So shall I bless my blindness.

LXXXVII

MADRIGAL

UPON HIS TIMOROUS SILENCE IN HER
 PRESENCE

ARE lovers full of fire ?
 How comes it then my verses are so cold ?
 And how when I am nigh her,
 And fit occasion wills me to be bold,

The more I burn, the more I do desire,
 The less I dare require ?
 Ah ! Love ! this is thy wondrous art,
 To freeze the tongue and fire the heart.

LXXXVIII

A SONG
 IN PRAISE OF BEGGAR'S LIFE

BRIGHT shines the sun, play, Beggars, play,
 Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

What noise of Viols is so sweet
 As when our merry clappers ring ?
 What mirth doth want where Beggars meet ?
 A Beggar's life is for a king.
 Eat, drink, and play, sleep when we list,
 Go where we will, so stocks be missed.
 Bright shines, etc.

The world is ours, and ours alone,
 For we alone have world at will,
 We purchase not, all is our own,
 Both fields and streets we beggars fill.
 Nor care to get, nor fear to keep,
 Did ever break a beggar's sleep,
 Bright shines, etc.

A hundred head of black and white
 Upon our downs securely feed,
 If any dare his master bite
 He dies therefore as sure as Creed.
 Thus beggars lord it as they please,
 And none but beggars live at ease.
 Bright shines, etc.

LXXXIX

OF HIS MISTRESS' FACE

AND would you see my Mistress' face ?
It is a flowery garden place ;
Where knots of beauty have such grace,
That all is work and nowhere space.

It is a sweet, delicious morn,
Where day is breeding, never born ;
It is a meadow yet unshorn,
Which thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heaven's bright reflex,
Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex,
It is the Idea of her sex,
Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of death that smiles,
Pleasing, though it kill the whiles,
Where death and love in pretty wiles,
Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair Beauty's freshest youth,
It is the fained Elysium's truth,
The spring that wintered hearts reneweth,
And this is that my soul pursueth.

TH. CAMPION

XC

OF CORINNA'S SINGING

WHEN to her lute Corinna sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,

And doth in highest notes appear,
 As any challenged echo clear.
 But when she doth of mourning speak,
 E'en with her sighs the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die,
 Led by her passions, so must I ;
 For when of pleasure she doth sing,
 My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring,
 And if she do of sorrow speak,
 E'en from my heart the strings do break.

TH. CAMPION

XCI

CONCEIT begotten of the eyes,
 Is quickly born, and quickly dies,
 For while it seeks our hearts to have.
 Meanwhile there Reason makes his grave ;
 For many things the eyes approve,
 Which yet the heart doth seldom love.

For as the seeds of spring-time sown
 Die in the ground ere they be grown,
 Such is conceit, whose rooting fails,
 As child that in the cradle quails ;
 Or else within his mother's womb
 Hath his beginning and his tomb.

Affection follows Fortune's wheels,
 And soon is shaken from her heels,
 For following beauty or estate,
 Her liking still is turned to hate,
 For all affections have their change,
 And fancy only loves to range.

Desire himself runs out of breath,
 And getting, doth but gain his death,
 Desire, nor reason hath her rest,
 And blind, doth seldom choose the best.
 Desire attained is not desire,
 But as the cinders of a fire.

As ships in ports desired are drowned,
 As fruit once ripe, then falls to ground,
 As flies that seek for flames are brought
 To cinders by the flames they sought ;
 So fond desire when it attains,
 The life expires, the woe remains.

And yet some poets fain would prove
 Affection to be perfect love,
 And that desire is of that kind,
 No less a passion of the mind,
 As if wild beasts and men did seek
 To like, to love, to choose alike.

W. R.

XCII

EPITAPH

ON THE DEATH OF A RARE CHILD OF SIX YEARS OLD

Wit's perfection, Beauty's wonder,
 Nature's pride, the Graces' treasure,
 Virtue's hope, his friends' sole pleasure,
 This small marble stone lies under,
 Which is often moist with tears,
 For such a loss in such young years.

F. DAVISON

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The Phoenix Nest

England's Helicon

Davison's Poetical Rhapsody

ARBER'S EDITION :

A Handful of Pleasant Delights

NOTES AND GLOSSARY

NOTES AND GLOSSARY

TOTTEL'S MISCELLANY

Page 11, No. I :

This sonnet is an imitation of Petrarch's sonnet *Zefiro torna*.

Page 11, No. I, line 10 :

smale : the older spelling of small, rhyming correctly at this date with the other words ending in "ale" in this sonnet.

Page 11, No. I, line 11 :

minges : mingles.

Page 11, No. I, line 12 :

bale : destruction.

Page 11, No. II, line 4 :

chare : this has been explained as "chair" or "throne;" but "chare," meaning a "period of work," as used by Shakespeare, for instance, in *Anthony and Cleopatra*, IV, iii, seems a possibility.

Page 12, No. III, line 11 :

moe : more.

Page 12, No. III, lines 13, 15 :

would, mould : wolde, molde, in the spelling of the original edition, rhyming correctly.

Page 13, No. III, line 3 :

kind : nature.

Page 13, No. III, line 7 :

sith : since.

Page 13, No. IV :

This poem is a translation of Martial's epigram, *Ad Seipsum*.

Page 14, No. V, line 8 :

list : desired.

Page 15, No. VII, line 3 :

leave your boards : "to make your boards" is an old nautical term, meaning "to tack."

Page 15, No. VII, line 7 :

ruth : pity.

Page 16, No. VIII, line 8 :

recure : to restore, make whole.

Page 16, No. VIII, line 12 :

leseth : loseth.

Page 16, No. VIII, line 15 :

astart : start away.

Page 17, No. IX, line 2 :

As lead to grave in marble stone : i.e. as to engrave a marble tomb-stone with leaden letters

Page 17, No. IX, line 19 :

unquit : unrequited.

plain : complaining.

Page 18, No. X, line 1 :

feat : dexterous.

Page 18, No. XI, line 4 :

should : spelt "sholde" in the original edition, rhyming correctly with "behold" and "gold."

Page 18, No. XI, line 6 :

crisped : curled.

Page 20, No. XIII, line 9 :

sterve : here, as originally, to die.

Page 20, No. XIII, line 16 :

hap : fortune.

Page 21, No. XIV :

Brian : Sir Thomas Brian, or Bryan, a friend to Wyatt.

Page 22, No. XVI, line 1 :

Ver : spring.

Page 22, No. XVI, line 2 :

weed : garment.

Page 22, No. XVI, line 4 :

hap : happen.

Page 22, No. XVII, line 3 :

'rayed : arrayed.

Page 23, No. XIX, line 2 :
slip : shoot ; also used by
 Shakespeare meaning "scion."
 Page 23, No. XIX, line 5 :
bote : remedy, help ; i.e. moles
 that lack the necessary earth
 to cover them.

Page 23, No. XIX, line 7 :
sote : sweet.
 Page 24, No. XXI, line 4 :
fret : wear away.
 Page 24, No. XXI, line 8 :
teen : affliction, grief.

THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES

The first edition of this Miscellany was published in 1576, but the Miscellany was reprinted in 1578 to correct the numerous errors of the first edition.

Page 29, No. XXIII, line 1 :
tickle : unstable, insecure.
 Page 29, No. XXIII, line 15 :
train : lure, false device.
F. K. : F. Kindlemarsh.
 Page 30, No. XXV, line 1 :
like : please.
 Page 30, No. XXV, line 3 :
tost : upset.
 Page 30, No. XXV, line 5 :
trains : lures.
W. R. : Walter Raleigh.
 Page 31, No. XXVI :
L. Vaux : Lord Vaux.
 Page 32, No. XXVII :
 Notice the consecutive sentences
 made by the first two words

of each line. The italics are
 of the original edition.
 Page 33, No. XXVIII :
W. H. : William Hunts.
 Page 34, No. XXIX, line 10 :
dome : judgment, right.
 Page 35, No. XXX, line 5 :
dole : grief.
 Page 35, No. XXX, line 14 :
haggerd hawk : wild female
 hawk caught when in her
 adult plumage, hence "wild,"
 "intractable."
 Page 35, No. XXX, line 20 :
therefro' : therefrom.
 Page 36, No. XXX :
E. O. : Edward Vere, Earl of
 Oxford.

THE GORGEOUS GALLERY OF GALLANT INVENTIONS

Page 41, No. XXXII, line 2 :
careful : here, as originally,
 meaning "full of care."
 Page 41, No. XXXII, line 19 :
port : bearing, demeanour.
 Page 42, No. XXXII, line 9 :
gin : snare, net.
 Page 42, No. XXXIII, line 14 :
denaye : denying.
 Page 43, No. XXXIV, line 1 :
lure : apparatus used by
 falconers to recall their hawks.

Page 44, No. XXXVII, line 5 :
rested : arrested.
 Page 45, No. XXXVII, line 8 :
brast : break.
 Page 45, No. XXXVIII :
 The only connexion between
 this song and the version sung
 by Desdemona in Shake-
 speare's *Othello*, IV, iii, seems
 to be the refrain.
 Page 47, No. XXXVIII, line 31 :
cog : to deceive.

A HANDFUL OF PLEASANT DELIGHTS

Page 51, No. XXXIX :

Shakespeare is supposed to have had this poem in mind when he wrote the mad scenes of Ophelia in *Hamlet*, IV, v.

Page 55, No. XL, line 4 :

unneth : underneath.

Page 55, No. XL, line 24 :

woe worth the time : woe betide the time. Cf. *Ezekiel*, xxx, 2

THE PHŒNIX NEST

Page 59, No. XLI :

This poem is ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh in a manuscript list of Davison's. A reference is also made to it as Raleigh's by Harrison, in 1591.

Page 60, No. XLI, line 23 :

dure : endure.

Page 61, No. XLII, line 4 :

show : appearance.

T. L. Gent. : Thomas Lodge, Gentleman.

Page 62, No. XLIV, line 9 :

sprites : spirits.

Page 65, No. XLVI, line 2 :

crisped : curled.

Page 65, No. XLVII :

Ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh in *To-day a Man, To-morrow None*, 1643.

Page 66, No. XLVIII :

This poem is signed **W. R.** : Walter Raleigh, with the title, "Farewell to the Court" in *Le Prince l'Amour*, 1660. This is confirmed by a quotation from the poem by Raleigh,

acknowledging it as his own in the Hatfield MS.

Page 66, No. XLVIII, line 2 :

dandled days : baby days.

Page 68, No. LII :

This poem also appears in *England's Helicon*, where it is arranged as a dialogue, and signed **S. W. R.** : Sir Walter Raleigh.

Page 68, No. LII, line 4 :

sauncing bell : Saints' bell, *quod ad sancta vocal.*

Page 68, No. LII, line 13 :

sain : sayen, to say.

Page 69, No. LII, line 10 :

moe : more.

Page 69, No. LII, line 12 :

troe : trow.

Page 69, No. LIII, line 6 :

persever : persevere ; here with the accent on the second syllable, rhyming correctly with "lever."

Page 69, No. LIII, line 7 :

lever : rather.

ENGLAND'S HELICON

Page 73, No. LIV :

This poem is supposed to have been written by Sidney on the marriage of Penelope Devereux (Stella) to Lord Rich.

Page 73, No. LIV, line 16 :

exeo'tor : executor.

Page 73, No. LIV, line 21 :

Trentals : a set of thirty successive daily Masses for the dead.

Page 74, No. LV :

This poem is from Sidney's *Arcadia*.

Page 74, No. LV, line 3 :

sterve : here with the meaning specialized "to starve." Cf. note on page 15, No. XIII, line 15.

Page 74, No. LV, line 4 :

prove : to test or try.

Page 75, No. LVI :

This poem was appended to the 1598 edition of Sidney's *Arcadia*.

Page 77, No. LVII, line 2 :

wroken : wrought.

Page 77, No. LVIII :

This poem is from Greene's *Menaphon*.

Page 78, No. LIX :

This poem was set to music in Michael Este's *Madrigals*, 1604.

Page 79, No. LX :

These are the introductory stanzas to Spenser's *Astrophel*, a pastoral elegy on the death of Sidney.

Page 80, No. LXI :

This song is from Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1598.

Page 81, No. LXII :

S. W. R. : Sir Walter Raleigh.

Page 83, No. LXIII :

Ignoto : The author of this poem is unknown. Sir Walter Raleigh has been suggested.

Page 83, No. LXIV :

This poem is from Lodge's *Phyllis*, 1593.

Page 84, No. LXIV, line 8 :

nill : ne + will, i.e. will not.

Page 84, No. LXV :

This poem is from Lodge's *Rosalind*, 1590.

Page 85, No. LXVI, line 2 :

stole : garment.

Page 86, No. LXVII :

This poem is from Peele's pastoral play, *The Arraignement of Paris*, 1584.

Page 86, No. LXVII, line 13 :

bear no boot : bring no relief, or remedy.

Page 88, No. LXIX :

Bar. Young : Bartholomew Young.

Page 90, No. LXX, line 4 :

woe worth : woe betide.

Page 92, No. LXXIII :

Ignoto : This poem is ascribed to Raleigh by Walton, in *The Complete Angler*.

Page 95, No. LXXV, line 14 :

Chantry : an endowment for a priest to sing Masses for the founder's soul.

Page 95, No. LXXVI :

H. C. : Henry Constable.

Page 97, No. LXXVIII :

S. E. D. : Sir Edward Dyer.

DAVISON'S POETICAL RHAPSODY

Page 101, No. LXXIX, line 1 :

Sir Ed. D. and M. F. G. : Sir Edward Dyer and Mr. Fulke Greville.

Page 111, No. XCI :

W. R. : Walter Raleigh.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A face that should content me wondrous well	18
A nosegay, lacking flowers fresh	51
Ah ! Cupid, I mistook thee	104
Ah trees, why fall your leaves so fast ?	83
Alas, how wander I amidst these woods	97
Alas, so all things now do hold their peace	11
And would you see my Mistress' face ?	109
Are lovers full of fire ?	107
As cypress tree that rent is by the root	23
As laurel leaves that cease not to be green	24
As she is fair, so faithful I	105
Ask what love is ? It is a passion	42
Beauty sat bathing by a spring	90
Behold the blast, which blows the blossoms from the tree	32
Bright shines the sun, play, Beggars, play	108
Cease restless thoughts, surcharged with heaviness	69
Come away, come, sweet Love	96
Come, Holy Ghost, Eternal God	29
Come, live with me and be my love	91
Conceit begotten of the eyes	110
Corydon, arise, my Corydon !	81
Diaphenia, like the Daffadoun-dillie	95
Fancy is fierce, Desire is bold	44
Farewell the heart of cruelty	16
For pity, pretty eyes, surcease	62
Give place, ye lovers, here before	12
Gorbo, as thou cam'st this way	93
How can the tree but waste and wither away ?	31
If all the world and love were young	92
If Fortune be thy stay, thy state is very tickle	29
If thou in surety safe will sit	36
In court to serve decked with fresh array	21
In hope the Shipman hoisteth sail	33
In the merry month of May	78
Like as the hawk is led by lure to draw from tree to tree	43
Like to a hermit, poor, in place obscure	65
Like to Diana in her summer weed	77
Like truthless dreams, so are my joys expired	66

	PAGE
Like unto these unmeasurable mountains	19
Lo, here lieth G. under the ground	25
Look how the pale Queen of the silent night	106
Love in my bosom like a bee	84
Madame, withouten many words	15
Martial, the things that do attain	13
Melpomene, the muse of tragic songs	85
Midst lasting griefs to have but short repose	61
My bonnie lass, thine eye	62
My galley, charged with forgetfulness	14
My lute, awake, perform the last	16
My sheep are thoughts, which I both guide and serve	74
Nature, that gave the bee so feat a grace	18
Near to a bank with roses set about	94
No image carved with cunning hand, no cloth of purple dye	23
Now what is Love, I pray thee tell?	68
O Gentle Love, ungentle for thy deed	86
On a day, (alack, the day !)	80
Praised be Diana's fair and harmless light	80
Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be spread	73
Set me where Phœbus' heat the flowers slayeth	67
Shall I say that I love you?	88
Shepherds that wont on pipes of oaten reed	79
Sighs are my food, my drink is my tears	21
Since Love will needs that I shall love	19
Sorrow seldom killeth any	104
Such bitter fruit thy love doth yield	55
Such green to me as you have sent	24
Sweet were the joys that both might like and last	30
The finest tongue can tell the smoothest tale	44
The firmament with golden stars adorned	67
The glittering shows of Flora's dames	41
The mountains high, whose lofty tops do meet the haughty sky	33
The nightingale, as soon as April bringeth	76
The soldier worn with wars delights in peace	106
The sweet season, that bud and bloom forth brings	11
The time when first I fell in love	66
The trickling tears that fall along my cheeks	35
Thine eyes so bright	107
Those eyes, which set my fancy on a fire	65
To praise thy life, or wail thy worthy death	59
Tune up my voice, a higher note I yield	75
Wake, Pity, wake, for thou hast slept too long	103
Walking in bright Phœbus' gaze	101
What cunning can express	63
What one art thou, thus in torn weedy-clad?	22

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

121

	PAGE
What pleasures have great princes - - -	87
What sweet relief the showers to thirsty plants we see -	21
When to her lute Corinna sings - - -	109
Willow, willow, willow, sing all of green willow - -	45
Wit's perfection, Beauty's wonder - - -	111
Why askest thou the cause - - -	44
Ye that in love find luck and sweet abundance - -	14
Young shepherd, turn aside, and move - - -	88

INDEX OF KNOWN AUTHORS

						PAGE
BEST, CHARLES	-	-	-	-	-	106
BRETON, N.	-	-	-	-	-	78
CAMPION, TH.	-	-	-	-	-	109
CONSTABLE, H.	-	-	-	-	-	95
DAVISON, F.	-	-	-	-	-	111
DRAYTON, M.	-	-	-	-	-	93, 94
DYER, SIR E.	-	-	-	-	-	97
EDWARDES, M.	-	-	-	-	-	33
GREENE, R.	-	-	-	-	-	77
GRIMALD, N.	-	-	-	-	-	22, 23
HEYWOOD, J.	-	-	-	-	-	36
HUNIS, W.	-	-	-	-	-	32, 33
KINDLEMARSH, F.	-	-	-	-	-	29, 30
LODGE, TH.	-	-	-	-	61, 62, 83, 84	
MARLOWE, CHR.	-	-	-	-	-	91
NOWELL, M. N.	-	-	-	-	-	89
OXFORD, THE EARL OF	-	-	-	-	-	35, 63
PEELE, R.	-	-	-	-	-	85, 86
RALEIGH, SIR W.	-	-	30, 65, 66, 80, 85, 86, 110	-	-	
SHAKESPEARE, W.	-	-	-	-	-	80
SIDNEY, SIR P.	-	-	-	73, 74, 75, 76, 101	-	
SPENSER, E.	-	-	-	-	-	79
SURREY, THE EARL OF	-	-	-	-	11, 12, 13	
TONY, SHEPHERD	-	-	-	-	-	90
VAUX, LORD	-	-	-	-	-	31
WYATT, SIR TH.	-	-	-	-	-	14-21
YOUNG, B.	-	-	-	-	-	88

